CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

WE ARE AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST....BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD.

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THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ST. PAUL.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN ABOUT A. D., 181, BY DAVID, THE GRANDSON OF ST. LUKE, TO SEVERUS, A CONVERTED ROMAN.

LETTER VII.

MY EXCELLENT FRIEND :—

Paul did not tarry long in Athens, after addressing the multitude on Mars' Hill. Several were converted, but the majority gave no farther attention to the matter. In a few days he left and went to Corinth. When he arrived in this city he was exhausted in body, and depressed in mind. Instead of devoting his whole time to preaching, he worked at his trade. But he was not without friends; for, among others, he mentions the names of Aquila and his wife, in terms of the highest praise. They welcomed him to their house, and during his residence there of a year and a half, were his constant companions. But they were poor, and as Paul was too high-minded to be maintained by others, he worked with his own hands. After a while, his heart was gladdened by the arrival of his former companion, Silas; and he, in turn, brought with him Paul's adopted son, Timothy. Had I time, I should be glad to write several letters concerning this young man, but I must deny myself the pleasure.

The presence of these two disciples revived the drooping spirits of Paul, and with all his former earnestness and power, he again sought to persuade Jews and Greeks to receive the Gospel. But the Jews could not forget their nature, any more than a leopard can change his spots. They reviled, threatened, and jeered him. One day, when they were unusually troublesome, he said, in the presence of the whole multitude, "Your blood be upon your own heads; I am clean. From henceforth I will go unto the Gentiles." He suited his action to his words; for he immediately bade adieu to the kind Aquila and his wife, and took up his abode with a converted Roman, called Justus. When they saw him do this, their fury knew no bounds. They seized him and brought him before the tribunal of Gallio, the Roman Procurator. They accused him of heresy, but Gallio, who was probably a skeptic, gave little heed to their words. When he heard that Paul's crime did not consist in violating the law of the empire, he very wisely refused to interfere, and drove them all from his presence. After this event, Paul continued to preach as usual, the procurator protecting him.

During Paul's long residence in Corinth, he for the first time employed his pen in the defence and for the promotion of the Gospel. Ever since his flight from Thessalonica, he had felt a strong desire to revisit that place, but his duties in Corinth were so numerous and pressing, that he could not possibly leave. At length, being informed by Timothy that the Thessalonian church was suffering severely from persecution, he wrote them a letter of encouragement. This epistle was joyfully received, and several times read to the whole congregation. But sundry individuals, either ignorantly or intentionally, misunderstood the meaning of some parts of it. When Paul heard of this he sent another letter, in which he explained himself more fully.

Having written these letters, he turned his pilgrim steps towards Ephesus. But his tarry was short, for he soon left and visited many of the neighboring places. Soon after his return one of those tumults was raised, which, as I have already informed you, so frequently endangered his life. The connecting circumstances were these. In Ephesus there is, as you well know, a temple celebrated for its antiquity, beauty, and grandeur. I refer to the temple of Diana. In the days of Paul it contained a statue of that goddess, which the priest said Jupiter had given to them. This statue was an object of more than ordinary veneration, and thousands of pilgrims annually visited Ephesus to worship before it. As might be expected, copies of the original were in great demand. Each pilgrim wished to obtain an image of the goddess. To supply this demand many persons were employed, among whom a Greek, named Demetrius, was chief. They soon perceived that, as the influence of Paul extended, the profits of their work decreased, and resolved to destroy him. The ever-excitable populace was easily aroused. From one end of the city to another the fierce and threatening cry was heard, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." The lawless mob, led by the base Demetrius, made a furious attack upon the house in which Paul resided. At that moment he happened to be absent, but they found two of his friends, Gaius and Aristarchus. The moment they got these two men into their power, one of the leaders cried out, "To the theatre! to the theatre!" The word was repeated by a thousand voices, and with one accord they went to that place. The wild beasts were kept there, and the object of the mob was to throw their prisoners into the den. When Paul heard of the dangerous situation of his friends, his first impulse was to enter the theatre and attempt to rescue them. But the moment he made his intentions known, the brethren begged him not to venture there. They told him the moment he appeared, he would be seized and cast to the wild beasts.

The uproar at the theatre was terrible. For the space of two hours, hisses, groans, shrieks, yells, and threats proceeded from thousands of lips. The only words which could be understood were these: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." The beasts, frightened and enraged, joined in the tumult. At length a centurion, with the city guard, reached the place. His appearance produced a momentary silence. He embraced this opportunity to address the rioters. By a brief but effective speech,

commenced by flattering their pride, and closed by alarming their fears, he succeeded in dispersing the mob.

From Ephesus, Paul wrote one letter to the Galatians, and another to the Corinthians. If you will read the first letter, you will perceive that heathens and Jews were not the only opponents Paul had; for divisions had already arisen in the church, and many false teachers were leading the people astray. These teachers were from Jerusalem, and to succeed the better, they commenced by slandering Paul. But he vindicated his character; proved his apostleship; rebuked them for trusting to evil advisers, and exhorted them to be united among themselves. As I have just said, his first letter to the Corinthians was also written about the same time. The immediate cause which induced him to write it, was a visit which he received from several members of the Corinthian church. They brought a gloomy account of the state of affairs. They said the church was divided; false doctrines were taught; unworthy members were retained in fellowship; and that many, disgusted by the conduct of their brethren, were denying the resurrection of Christ, and joining the heathen. As he was unable to leave Ephesus himself, he sent Timothy and Erastus to Corinth. They had scarcely departed, before three leading brethren came from Corinth, for the purpose of consulting him on the affairs of the church. By them he sent the letter of which I speak. You have only to read it, to see how deeply he sympathized with the afflicted church, and mourned over the departure of some from the faith, and how earnestly he exhorted them to exclude evil-minded persons from their communion, and above all, to cultivate the spirit of Christ in their souls.

A while after he had finished his letter, he resolved to pass over into Europe and visit Macedonia. In former years he had received many pressing invitatations from the brethren there to visit them, but had not, before, been able to comply with their request. He went alone, and preached there several months with great success.

While there, he heard that his letter to the Corinthians was gladly received, and had done much good. But he learned, at the same time, that many false teachers were still active in leading the people astray, and attacking his own character. He immediately wrote his second letter to them. In it, he refers to incidents in his own life, of which my grandfather was ignorant, or of which, at least, he never spake to my father. I will quote the whole passage: "Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, (at Lystra,) thrice I suffered shipwreck, a day and a night have I been in the deep. In journeyings often, in perils of robbers, in perils by my own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and sickness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." He underwent these sufferings before the date of the epistle, and when you add to these those that fell upon him at a subsequent period, you will be astonished that he could survive them all.

While in Macedonia, he wrote his letter to the Romans, and before he left Greece, wrote one to Timothy. In the first you will find an elaborate argument in favor of Christianity, and the great design of the Gospel; and in the second, the duties of a Christian minister are distinctly pointed out. Both are deeply interesting and can be read with much profit by all classes of men.

His next journey was to Jerusalem. About this time my grandfather joined him, and never again left him, except for a brief season, on some urgent business. On his way, he passed within forty miles of Ephesus, but he was so anxious to reach Jerusalem before the passover, that he could not visit that city. And yet, as he was unwilling to leave them without giving them his parting advice, he sent to the brethren, and requested them to visit him at Miletus. They complied. But the meeting was a sorrowful one, for Paul was persuaded that he saw them for the last time. He knew that his visit to Jerusalem would be attended with great danger, for he was fully convinced that they had the will to kill him, and were only waiting for an opportunity.

When he expressed his fears to his Ephesian friends, and, as I have just said, informed them that he should never visit them again, they endeavored to change his mind, but in vain. Though he wept when he saw their sorrow, and their lively interest in his welfare, yet amid his tears he said to them, with the boldness of a hero and the calmness of a saint. "I go, bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall there befal me; save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, that bonds and afflictions abide me. But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto me, so that I might finish my course with joy." After uttering this language he knelt down on the sea-shore and prayed. He prayed for their spiritual welfare; that they might have love one for another, which is the true bond of Christian union; that they might be strong in the faith, and not disposed to seek after strange doctrine; that they might have courage in danger; fortitude amid sufferings; and, if called upon to die for the name of the Lord Jesus, they might have a victory over death. "And now, O Father," he continued, "seal them thine; keep them by thy power, and preserve them in thy love." Having concluded his prayer, he entered a ship and left them. The ship in which he sailed touched at Coos, Rhodes, and Patara, but the apostle had no time to land at either of these places. At Tyre he tarried seven days, preaching the word and encouraging the brethren. His acquaintance, though brief, was sufficiently long for them to become strongly attached to him. When he left them, they followed him out of the city with their wives and children.

His next resting-place was Cesarea. When he arrived there, he was welcomed to the house of Philip, the evangelist. This Philip was formerly an intimate friend of Stephen, and a zealous advocate of the Gospel, but now made Cesarea his home. He had scarcely entered the house before several of the brethren came to salute him, and when they were informed that he was on his way to Jerusalem, they implored him not to go. In a few days the prophet Agabus arrived from Jerusalem. He, too, warned him not to proceed, and in a most solemn and impressive manner. He took Paul's girdle, and having bound his own hands and feet with it, addressed him in the following language: "Thus saith the Holy Ghost, so shall the Jews at Jerusalem bind the man that owneth this girdle, and shall deliver him into the hands of the Gentiles." All present burst into tears when they heard these words, and unitedly besought him not to go any further, but either to turn back, or, at least, to remain in Cesarea. But Paul was immoveable. His tears mingled with theirs, but the only reply he made to their urgent entreaties was this: "What, mean ye to weep and to break my heart; for I am not only ready to be bound, but also to die at Jerusalem, for the name of the Lord Jesus."

The great men of your country, my dear Severus, uttered many lofty and sublime words, and not unfrequently rose superior to fear, as dangers gathered round them. Were I inclined, I might cite for examples Brutus, Scipio, and Cæsar. But, in my opinion, no martial hero ever stood in a sublimer attitude than did Paul, when he bade farewell to the weeping brethren of Ephesus and Cesarea. My grandfather, who was present on both oc-

casions, often said that Paul, while uttering the language which I have quoted, seemed more like an angel than a man.

Before closing this long letter, I must give you sad intelligence. Polycarp is no more. He was put to death by the late emperor Marcus Antoninus, several years ago. I have just heard of it, and though I believe he is with Christ, yet I weep. Why should I not! We loved each other in youth. He was older than myself, and having been acquainted with the apostle John, was qualified to teach me. Many years we travelled, preached, and suffered together. But he is at rest.

Before closing I wish also to say that your father Varus was here yesterday. He came to inquire about you. Since I saw him last, he has changed a great deal. He seems to be softened, and instead of cursing you as he has often done since you became a Christian, he now weeps because you have forsaken the gods of Rome. I trust the Lord will convert him.

Farewell, DAVID.

Original.

PHASES OF ORTHODOXY.

Somebody has said, (it is of little consequence who,) that the most conspicuous feature in the face of creation, whether physical or moral, is that expressed by the oft-repeated word—*change*. To the truth of this assertion, the mutations of only a few years will afford strong confirmation, if properly presented in the order of their occurrence. Indeed, *change* seems to be the predominant aspiration of man,—especially that species of it pertaining to the pocket,—though it must be confessed that few succeed in procuring it in satisfactory quantities. However, it is not "change" of this character, nor indeed that pertaining to the physical world, to which attention is invited; but, rather, to that of a religious character, as exemplified in the mutations of the creed and practice of the more prominent limitarian sects, during the last forty years of their history. Less than twenty-five years ago, the Calvinistic faith, as presented by the recognized expounders of its teachings, consisted of a *mystery*, or, more properly, of an aggregation of mysteries, embracing a triple-headed divinity—each head a distinct personality, to which pertained the supervision of a separate branch in the executive department of universal government,—these three heads, in the meantime, being one and indivisible!

Closely allied to this luminous exposition of the Divine Being and His government was the dogma of an irreversible decree, by which, "before man was made, or even the earth was," certain men and angels were elected to assured and unending bliss, while the non-elect were as certainly doomed to the tortures of a fiery lake, whose fuel should never fail. These were the more prominent features of the creed presented for public acceptance, as the foundation of the Christian system—as the essence of that Gospel, the promulgation of which was entrusted to the second person in a co-equal, triple Divinity—a mission which it was pre-ordained should involve the crucifixion of the missionary, to the end that the first person in this co-equal and indivisible God-head might have an excuse for lifting those to heaven, whom the same co-equal power had predestined to immortal beatitude from all eternity! Where shall we find such a system of Divinity professed and taught now? Not among the Calvinists, so-called, if their preaching is to be regarded as an exposition of the faith that is within them. It is true that faith in "the Trinity" is still professed by this sect, but in a manner so guarded and indefinite as to provoke the suspicion that it is an unwelcome theme,—one to be avoided as much as circumstances will permit. What is true of the Trinity is equally so of fore-ordination, with the exception, perhaps, of some Octagenarians, whose isolation from the world has preserved them from the influence of that *change* which forty years of discussion has wrought in the public mind.

At about the period referred to above, the self-complacency of dogmatic Calvinism began to be disturbed very seriously by a new phase of partialism as exhibited in the doctrines and practices of a then comparatively novel sect, called Methodists. These innovators "on established usages," did not, it is true, call in question the dogma of the Trinity, nor yet the quite as warmly cherished one of a literal lake of fire for the endless torture of sinners. On the contrary, "the head and front of their offending," doctrinally, was an absolute denial of the doctrine of election and reprobation, and practically, in the means used for the salvation of sinners from the wrath of God. On this "departure from the faith," as taught by Calvinism, was predicated the war which, for many years, raged so intensely between the partizans of the old system and those of the new or improved one. To hold intercourse with a Methodist—religiously, we mean,—was to attract to the offender the finger of scorn, or at all events, such unequivocal manifestations of Christian forbearance, as the bigoted only have the power and will to display. But neglect and contumely availed not to prostrate the schismatic; on the contrary, becoming active assailants of a portion of the Calvinistic creed, they carried the "war into Africa," with a fierceness fully commensurate with the provocation they had received.

In the progress of the latter sect to their present position of power and influence, may be found some of the strange vagaries into which a headlong zeal in what was believed a good cause, may lead its votaries. This sect, embracing at the outset of its career, mainly seceders from the established church,—seceders, not so much from its doctrines as from its practices,—was rapidly augmented in numbers in America, from various sects, especially in the more sparsely settled portions of it—the great West. It was over this vast region its missionaries perambulated their allotted circuits, carrying with them a "zeal," however deficient in "knowledge" it may have been, was eminently successful in augmenting the number of its partizans, and, by consequence, increasing the influence of this, then, indefatigable and invasive sect. But while at no time could its ministers be accused of any lack of zeal in the cause in which they were engaged, yet the *fruits* of their labors were mainly confined to two particular portions of the year—winter, and the season of camp meetings, which latter usually came off just before the commencement of harvest. It was mainly, then, during the business torpor of winter, that Methodism evinced its greatest power. Then it was that the humble cabins of the "pioneers" were made startlingly vocal by the groans and wailings of those "under conviction," or by the equally sonorous shoutings of such as had "found religion," as they phrased it, "precious to their souls." It was no uncommon sight, "in those days," to witness in a congregation of a hundred persons, a dozen or more of both sexes, bounding upward with a measured cadence of step, till exhausted nature gave out, leaving them extended on the floor in all the rigidity of a corpse. This exhibition of bodily effort and physical prostration was referred, with all imaginable gravity, by the leaders, to the special agency of the Divine spirit, and regarded as a distinguished mark of God's peculiar favor. This was the professed belief, both of clergy and laity, but a few years since, and is so even now, perhaps, in the more remote regions of the West!

One thing is certain, to wit: The means used in the

conversion of sinners, as the process was termed, were, for the time being, eminently successful; so much so as to induce even the staid Presbyterian sect to resort to a like method for the augmentation of its numbers, and an extension of its influence. To this *change* of tactics is to be attributed that remarkable campaign of protracted meetings which gave an unenviable notoriety to many of the Presbyterian clergy, yet utterly failing in promoting the great object aimed at—the extension of sectarian influence among the people. It was during this era of religious or sectarian commotion, that an armistice was agreed to between the power of Methodism and its old antagonist, Presbyterianism, based on a mutual pledge that the forces of each party should be led to an attack on a new enemy, Universalism. Old differences were laid aside, or held in abeyance; former rivalries, slanders, and vituperations laid aside, if not forgotten or forgiven, and the combined force led to the assault, through the agency of "protracted meetings." It was at these gatherings of "the faithful"—faithful in anything but truth and fair dealing—that Universalism and its votaries were assailed with a coarseness of invective rarely if ever equalled. No imputation was too gross to cast on the doctrine—no epithet too vile for those by whom it was cherished. It was intended to be a war of extermination against all who dared question the dogma of endless misery; especially if there was coupled with this denial, the belief of a final renovation of the whole human race.

But the result of this temporary union of antagonisms, so to speak,—*what is it?* The fury of the tempest has spent itself in vain. The citadel sought to have been destroyed remains unscathed, while the numbers of those rallying around it have largely increased. But these are not the only results of this commotion, now measurably subsided. On the contrary, those who raised it have themselves become the only trophies of its power, and, happily for the credit of humanity, what was intended for the destruction of others has resulted in a marked improvement in the tone and manner of its projectors. One will look in vain now for the sound and fury which characterized the period of Burchardism. To the coarse ribaldry of sectarian buffoonery, has succeeded a measurable regard for the amenities of social and really Christianized intercourse—a growing willingness to substitute forbearance for vulgar personal or sectarian abuse. If we look for the noise and confusion once a prominent feature of Methodism everywhere, we shall find it not, especially in sections of country which have been most conspicuous in their advances towards an elevated state of civilization and refinement. Here is witnessed a marked example of that *change* in sectarian character which it is the aim of this paper to illustrate—a "change" beneficial alike to those in whom it is wrought and those who may be brought in contact with them. So much for Methodism as it was, and as it now is, under the influence of that "change" which is to purify and exalt the world.

But what of Calvinism? Has it been affected too, by this great renovator—*change?* Most assuredly. Vain, now, will be the search for that species of Calvinism in vogue forty years ago. The prime doctrines of that sect have gone down among the crudities of former ages, to a tomb whose portals will never open for their resurrection. One will listen in vain now for an exposition of the doctrine of election and reprobation, or any kindred to this once corner stone of the Calvinistic edifice. In fine, the mutations in creeds, within the period named above, as well as in denominational practices, have been many and great, and fortunately, in their general results, favorable to the advancement of truth and to a development of the more kindly feelings of the human heart. Indeed, it is possible that the very excesses to which allusion has been made may have served to expedite the progress of truth over the world. One thing is certain: Every phase of orthodoxy, so-called, has resulted in softening down some of its more repulsive features—in meliorating its prejudices; thus bringing its votaries nearer to a recognition of the beauty of that faith which teaches the sublime truth that "God is the Savior of all men; especially of those that believe."

Rarely, now, can one be found who believes in a semi-omnipotent personality, called a devil, or in a lake of molten sulphur as the future abode of the wicked; nor is the number small, among the orthodox, who repudiate the doctrine of a vicarious atonement for the sins of men. These ameliorations of a once prevalent and, it must be added, vindictive creed, are the fruits of a comparatively short conflict of opinions, affording fair promise that no very extended period intervenes between this and the time when a more desirable *change* will have been wrought, leaving standing few, if any, remnants of that "middle wall of partition" which has kept man from man, and brother from brother, thus preventing the universal recognition of the truth that "God is in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." To this great "change" in man, tend all the promises of the Gospel, and it is certainly a consoling reflection, that the general movement and temper of the age indicate a steady approximation so devoutly to be wished by all philanthropic minds. B.

Original.

CLINTON LIBERAL INSTITUTE.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I beg leave to say a word or two to the Universalists of the State, in relation to this School. For the last eight months or so, we have had some local difficulties here which have occasioned much delay in our work, and at times threatened the very existence of the Institute. Previous to the late meeting of the State Convention, an arrangement was made between the Trustees and the other party, but owing to a misunderstanding in the premises, it was not carried into effect. This occasioned the delay in publishing some proceedings of the Convention relating to the School. Quite recently, however, another and all things considered, a better arrangement has been effected, which is, I believe, mutually satisfactory, and promises the happiest results. Our home difficulties are now, I trust ended forever, and nothing remains but to take up the work which has been so tardily carried forward, and prosecute it with new zeal.

I wish to impress upon the minds of Universalists the *necessity* of having a good school. I would also suggest for their consideration, the fact that as a Denomination, we have yet done little, very little towards this great object. We have canvassed a large part of the State, to raise a permanent fund of $10,000, and the highest sum subscribed by any individual is $200! We are not in earnest in this business. We do not half appreciate its importance to the Denomination, nor half do our duty. And this is not the worst of the case. There is great injustice often done to the School or its Directors. People complain that the School is not good enough, and they will not patronize it. Not good enough! And whose fault is that, pray? Must we, like the Israelites of old, make bricks and yet be denied straw? And when is it to be good enough if its own friends will treat it in this manner?

Our duty, the duty of all Universalists in the State, seems to me plain. We should make the Institute what we need and what our self-respect, as well as every interest of the Denomination demands. We have the means. We want nothing but the will to employ them.

The subscription for the proposed fund is not yet made up. It still lacks from $1,500 to $2,000. Shall this be raised in the State or must we go abroad and beg? Let this question be answered immediately. But this is not all. We are in debt. Shall these debts remain unpaid forever? Besides this, we need and must have a new building for the Female Department. Unless this is done that Department must stop. It would be a disgrace to the denomination to continue it where it is any longer than is necessary to build a new edifice. Then we want various improvements in the Male Department, involving considerable expense. We need an addition to the library, a philosopical and chemical apparatus, and a collection of minerals, etc., sufficient to illustrate the principles of Natural Science generally.

But all this will cost a large sum, I have a hundred people thinking. Yes, thank God, there is no good thing of this kind that does not cost something. All that we want here will cost $20,000, and is that a sum to frighten the thousands and thousands of Universalists in the Empire State, many of whom reckon their wealth by tens and hundreds of thousands of dollars? Shame on us if it be so. Single Societies can build churches with from $5,000 to 40,000. Can we not all together make one School worth 30,000—especially when we have a beginning with $10,000? I know a single Society in this State, that during the last year has paid for the support of religious worship alone, more than a quarter of the whole sum the Institute needs to establish it permanently and make it a blessing and an honor to the Denomination for generations to come!

But I will say no more. I lack patience to think calmly on our indifference in regard to this great cause, and the paltry progress we are making in it. Four years of my life have been wasted in it; for after so long a time of labor and anxiety, wherein are we yet better off, and what has been done? In the name of heaven, let us awake and rest on our strength, and do the little task here before us, or else cover our faces for shame and fall back,—where we shall inevitably fall sooner or later unless we go to work like reasonable and Christian men—into the contempt and nothingness, we shall so richly deserve. T. J. S.

Clinton, June, 1849.

CHRISTIAN GEMS.

THE POOR MAY BE PIOUS.

The poorest, who has no leisure, and no means for the cultivation of other knowledge, can cultivate the self-knowledge to which the Gospel calls him. The poorest, who can extend his influence to no other being, who is even the slave of his more powerful brother, is called by our religion to the noblest liberty of man; to a liberty on which man can make no encroachments; and to the highest power which can be exercised by an intellectual and moral being; power over his own soul, his appetites and passions. The poorest is called to humility, to benevolence, to industry, to piety, by the very motives by which the richest are called to these virtues. And are not these the highest of the personal virtues of the Gospel? Turn your thoughts also, for a moment, to its social virtues. Jesus calls his disciples, he calls the poorest, to perfect truth and uprightness. The poor can be as true and upright as the rich, and their virtues and Christian character are as precious in the sight of Heaven, as those of the rich. Yea, the poor may be rich in faith, richer in the sight of God, than many who possess millions of this world's wealth.—*Rev. J. Tuckerman.*

BEREAVEMENT A BLESSING.

Examples are daily occurring, of the youthful and vigorous, as well as of the aged and infirm, falling beneath the power of death. In this, as in other respects, the ways of Divine Providence are often, to our view, dark and mysterious. Yet we may be led to believe, that in this manner, parents are sometimes mercifully chastened, for allowing their thoughts to be too much engrossed, even by these dear objects of their affection. And gradually to wean them from a world which they must shortly leave, and to awaken them to duties which they may have neglected or forgotten, the hand of God has interposed to bless the parents, and removed the child. Perhaps the afflictive dispensation may have been the means of saving the child from many a trial and many a suffering; that in this manner, an innocent and happy spirit has been called away, ere it had known of the sins, or had felt the sorrows of this world. These, and various other purposes unknown to us, may be served by the Divine procedure, which thus sees fit, unexpectedly, to blast the hopes of many a fond and anxious parent.

Dr. J. C. Ledlie.

THE HUMILITY OF CHRIST.

Incessantly followed by devoted multitudes, who hung with rapture on his lips, and whom a single word, a mere look would have made subservient to his will, he never forgets for a moment the Almighty Being who had sent him, and whose purposes it was his high mission to fulfil. In his most unguarded actions and expressions, we never discern the slightest traces of ambition or worldly mindedness.

On concluding the labors of the day—or perhaps before resuming them again, we find him escaping into the loneliness of the desert, to hold sweet intercourse with his Heavenly Father; fervently renewing his petitions for Divine assistance and direction; quickening the devout consciousness of dependence and protection; strengthening his purposes of unreserved obedience, and praying in the loneliness of his heart, that he might faithfully exercise those extraordinary gifts with which he felt himself entrusted. That perfection of devotion, which the best men find it so difficult to maintain in the present world, our Savior fully realized; and it was from this habitual communion with God, this devotedness of heart and life to God's service, that the beautiful, and unaffected humility of his character arose.—*Rev. J. J. Taylor.*

RELIGION.

Religion is a spirit which diffuses itself through all the events and circumstances of life, which pervades and animates all the faculties and affections of the soul, and directs and governs all the active powers. It is the yielding of ourselves to God, the offering of ourselves—body, soul, and spirit, the natural, the intellectual, the spiritual man, a living sacrifice, while we do all things in the name of Jesus Christ, to the praise of the Most High. He in whom dwells this heavenly spirit, whether he eats or drinks, or whatsoever he does, does all to the glory of God.

This is religion. There is no circumstance in our being of which we can say it stands apart from religion; for there are no circumstances of our lives wherein we can say it is not in God that we live. When we sit down to our domestic meals, when we lie down to repose, let us not imagine that we have there nothing to do with God, for we have to bless him for his goodness, to partake of the blessings of his providence with moderation, and to use his gifts as not abusing them.—*Rev. Noah Jones.*

OBEDIENCE.

The empire of religion cannot be fully established, unless we accustom ourselves continually to appeal to its authority; to make every passion yield beneath its sway; unless we seek its smile to heighten our pleasures, its

soothing influence to alleviate our sorrows, unless we endeavor to intermingle its truths amidst the living emotions which are daily and hourly excited in the intercourse of life.

Thus shall we be purified, spiritualized, and perfected, and thus shall we be made capable of partaking of happiness, "which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, and which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive." In this world, a mind thus fitted for heaven seldom fails to be blessed by God with a "peace which passeth understanding," and this holy tranquillity, the approbation of our own conscience, the high delight of pious friendship, and the joys which spring from these heavenly hopes, are a foretaste and earnest of future bliss.—*Rev. J. H. Worthington.*

FRANKNESS.

There are those, who, though they clearly see the guilt and folly of their conduct, obstinately refuse to own it. This is a fault too common among young people, and originates in a feeling of false pride, which forbids them to acknowledge their unworthiness, and makes them shrink from degrading themselves in the estimation of others. But when the fault is clearly seen to be such, it is surely much more manly and ingenuous to avow it at once, and express contrition and regret, than to prolong discussion and provoke hostility, by obstinately persisting in a course which our judgment pronounces to be at once foolish and false. There is a secret satisfaction in acknowledging ourselves in the wrong, when we really are so, which is ill-exchanged for that pertinacity and pride, which disdain to own an error, and that self-upbraiding, which is increased by our refusing to admit our culpability. There is something generous and even magnanimous, in such conduct. It almost palliates the fault we confess, and does not fail to avert the anger, if not to win the affections of those whom we may have injured.—*Rev. J. R. Wicford.*

REV. J. M. AUSTIN.

We copy the following from the Cayuga New Era, published at Auburn, N. Y.

Coming across from the corner of South and Genesee streets, is a gentleman of middle size. He slightly stoops, walks with a cane but his step is as firm and active as that of youth. He wears a black leghorn hat, a suit of black throughout, and generally appears with shoes. His whole exterior bears every mark of a gentleman. His person is stoutly and rather well and firmly knit, and his countenance fresh and full with the tide of health. His apparel is scrupulously neat, hair carefully combed, and all in keeping with the quiet regularity of the man. It would afford us pleasure to analyze the character of men by the personal appearance, manner and conversation, but space wtll not allow.

John Mather Austin, Pastor of the Universalist Church in this city, has left his image upon the retina of our mind's eye, and we devote a short time to the sketch of the man.

Mr. Austin is the son of Ben. Austin, a farmer, and was born September 26th, 1805, at Redfield, New York. His mother, Jerusha Mather, was a direct descendant of Dr. Increase Mather, first President of Cambridge University, and father of the celebrated Cotton Mather. The family of Mr. Austin removed to Watertown, Jefferson Co., where he spent his youth and received an academical education. He commenced in life by publishing a paper in the city of Troy. In 1832, he chose the ministry, and commenced preaching at Montpelier, Vermont. From Montpelier he went to Danvers, Mass., where he preached ten years. From thence he came to Auburn, where he has spent five years as the Pastor of the Universalist Church.

Mr. Austin is a man of the most temperate and industrious habits. He has a good reputation as an author and a chaste, vigorous writer. He is the author of the "Voice to Youth," a justly popular work of about four hundred pages, found in almost every Library in the State, and having already run through fifteen editions. Also of the "Voice to the Married," of about four hundred pages, and "Austin on the Attributes," of three hundred and fifty pages, and of a number of other works whose titles we have not at hand.

After talking a long time upon the subject, Mr. Austin and the Rev. D. Holmes, presiding Elder of the Methodist Episcopal church, met at Genoa, in January, 1848, to sustain in debate, their respective theological tenets. The discussion continued seven days, and was conducted with the most perfect courtesy and decorum on both sides, and with a skill creditable to two experienced and wary antagonists. The debate was published by Alden & Parsons, containing 800 pages, and probably embodies the ablest arguments which can be adduced for or against the doctrine of Universal salvation.

Previous to the debate with Holmes, Mr. Austin held a debate with the Rev. Isaac Parks, a Methodist clergyman in this city, of three days' duration. We have no data from which to speak of this contest.

Mr. Austin is skillful and experienced as a debater. He is cool and wary, watching keenly for an unguarded thrust from an antagonist, and always ready to trip at the instant. We believe he loves a controversy when rightly conducted.

As an Orator, Mr. Austin is not conspicuous. His voice lacks volume and melody, but he speaks with energy and with great rapidity. He is logical and reasons closely, seeing at a glance the weak point of an attack, and having great readiness in fortifying his own position.

Mr. Austin is extremely popular with his order of people as a preacher, and with all as a citizen and man. He is calculated to adorn the social and domestic circle, has a high sense of the duties of a citizen and father, and by precept and example impresses upon his own family and those around him, the importance of a life of temperance, industry, and goodness. He is amiable and kind in all his relations, courteous in his intercourse, mild and unassuming in his manner, yet not constrained, but always affable and urbane. His head is finely formed, his countenance pleasant and expressive of benevolence, his light blue eye and pleasant speech winning the confidence of those who come in contact with him. Though having nothing but an academic education, he is thorough in the languages. He studies with a close and untiring application. His church has doubled its numbers under his ministry and erected one of the best and most tastefully finished houses in the city.

The Artesian Well, at Charleston has reached the depth of 886 feet. A thermometer lowered to the bottom indicated the temperature at that point to be 82 1-2, while at the surface it was 74. A few days since, at the depth of 756 feet, the thermometer marked 82 1-2.

The Dalton, Ga. Eagle of the 12th inst., acknowledges the receipt of some ears of green corn.

The "Youth's Temperance Advocate," for July, is well got up by the American Temperance Union, and deserves a wide circulation.

New Music.—William Hall & Son, have just published "Jennette and Jeannot," and the "Sister's Call," both arranged for the Spanish Guitar.

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1849.

PETER'S PENCE FOR THE POPE—DOINGS OF THE BISHOPS—LIBERTY OF ROME.

Sunday, 1st inst., all Catholics were taxed to help raise a fund for the Pope, to enable him to hire soldiers to put down the Republican movements in Rome. The mandate went forth from the council of Bishops, and who dare disobey? We are too *heretical* to discover the wisdom, justice, or benevolence of this exaction. Every mail brings descriptions of the most horrid misery, destitution, and death in all parts of Ireland; whole districts are depopulated, as certified by Catholic Priests; and yet not a penny for them—not a word, not a syllable, in all the doings of the councils of Bishops, many of whom are Irishmen too. That is nothing—the death of fifty or a hundred thousand Irishmen—their own countrymen is of no consequence, compared with one Italian, a man of abundant means, without a family to *support*—but a large one to *oppress*, which he cannot do without foreign aid, foreign arms and foreign money! How unlike the conduct, teachings and spirit of the great Master! Strange infatuation! Gross absurdity! Monstrous abuse of the means of doing good! All who gave but helped to shed the blood of their fellow men, and prolong the struggle for a liberty that will surely come. And God will hold them to a fearful account in this attempt to rivet again the chains of spiritual and political despotism. The public attention will be aroused, and Catholics in this country will be looked upon with greater suspicion than ever before, if they are to lend their means thus freely to help crush the infant efforts of a noble people, who, after years of the most abject submission to a miserable hierarchy of ambitious, lazy priests, drones in the hive of human industry and progress, have at length risen, with manly fortitude to throw off their disgraceful manacles and assert the freedom which God has vouchsafed for all who are worthy to enjoy it.

It is strange that those Bishops, in solemn conclave at Baltimore, have dared to insult the Republican feeling of this country by a demand for a Peter's pence to help put down the Republic of Rome. But when were priests ever wise in the management of worldly affairs? Yes, we call it a gross insult to the Republican sentiments of our country? Is the Pope hungry? Feed him. Is he naked? Clothe him. Is he a stranger? Take him in. But in God's name don't send him money to enact the bloody scenes of his predecessors—to murder his fellow men. Jesus, whose vicegerent he professes to be, came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them. Don't, for heaven's sake, put the weapons into his hands and send him forth to the work of death and oppression. The Roman government has not murdered a single man—the mob killed Rossi while the Pope reigned. They have oppressed nobody. They are willing the Pope should come and live among them, but like ourselves, they want a voice in the Government. Who blames them? And yet a council of Bishops solemnly call upon all good Catholics to help the Pope to prevent all this, and reduce the Roman state to a condition of servitude the most disgraceful.

How has Christianity suffered at the hands of its professed friends. Does any one suppose that Jesus would approve such a work? Would he seek a legion of Austrians, or Spaniards, or Frenchmen, to defend his *temporal* power. No one interferes with the spiritual functions of Pius IX., or his holy Cardinals. He would not even accept *angels* to preserve his life! Strange infatuation! We have no doubt money enough will be sent out to the Pope from this country to load a fine ship with provisions for the starving Irish! What has been done for them? Nothing, actually nothing. But Ireland itself has sent thousands of dollars to help the Pope! Oh shame! where is thy blush? Humanity weeps in dust and ashes!

But let these facts be remembered. The world will have use for them hereafter, for the end is not yet. The works of the dark ages cannot be repeated. Priests cannot revel, as then, over the destruction of Empires, and amid the corpses of the slain in the unholy wars instigated by them. And I am only surprised at the forbearance of the friends of liberty, that so many enormities and follies are permitted to go unrebuked.

Two things have appeared as the result of the long labors of the council of Rt. Rev. Arch-Bishops and Bishops, as "given under their hands, in *Provincial* Council at Baltimore on the fifth Sunday of the Easter MDCCCXLIX." First, it was agreed that, "Under the circumstances of peculiar difficulty, in which the Chief Bishop is placed, by the *temporary* privation of his *temporal* dominions, and of the *revenues annexedto them*, it becomes all the children of the Church, to give *evidence* of *sincere sympathy*, by contributing of their *worldly substance* to enable him to meet the *exlraordinary expenses* which the government of the Church imposes on him." What does this mean? How have the "extraordinary" expenses been incurred? Cannot the Church be governed without money or *temporal* power?

The "children" are assured "the Holy See has watched over the churches of these States with maternal solicitude, and has fed us with the milk of pure doctrine," and in return, the "children ought to furnish the exiled Pontiff with temporal things."

The second point concluded by this august and very reverend council, concerned the "pure doctrine," the troubles about which had "moved his Holiness to address all his colleagues, for counsel in regard to the definition of the doctrine, that the Mother of our Lord was preserved by Divine grace from all stain of *original sin*." Upon this follows near two columns of advice to his "Infallible Holiness" upon this momentous question.

Now, if this is not great business,—helping to sustain the rotten monarchies of Europe by contributions from Republicans, and to settle silly questions which have been mooted by councils in past ages, but left undetermined, so that another article was to be added to a "saving faith" in the middle of the nineteenth century, determined by vote or decree an article for an "infallible Church." Ridiculous nonsense! Shameless stupidity! But the collection of money we can regard in no other light than political treachery, produced either by blind fanaticism, or downright wickedness.

It is strange the American people are so dumb on these subjects. Rome, the grand and glorious Rome, whose name has been associated with all that is grand, and noble, and republican for ages; Rome so long crushed and degraded by the iron hoof of a corrupt and tyrannical hierarchy, has arisen from the ruins of centuries, and dared to throw off her rusted manacles. A glorious, (and God grant, a successful,) effort to assume a rank among the reformed and regenerated nations of the world. She deserves the cheering admiration of the civilized world. But, alas! who bids her God-speed? France? To her disgrace, she has raised the fratricidal hand to strike this new Republic! England? She looks gruffly on—hopes, but dare not speak, lest her own foundations rock. Protestant Germany? Trouble enough there, and little to be asked. Republican and Protestant Switzerland? As pale and mute as her snow-clad mountains.

She could do but little. Yet her sons guard the person of the Pope. America, the growing, glorious Republic? Shame, confusion of face! She stands mute· No shout, no voice of encouragement. Deep, silent wishes, it may be· But why no burst of popular feeling? No rallying shout of blessing upon Republican Rome. Are we all supple cowards, truckling politicians,—afraid of losing a Catholic vote? Shame, then, deep, damnable shame, upon the miserable cowardice, of a nation of soulless freemen.

Have we forgotten Lafayette? Whose heart does not kindle at the mention of his name and sacrifices? But are we worthy to mention his name, when we feel none of his spirit? The Tabernacle rang with eloquent voices of the gentlemen of all parties at the liberal steps of the Pope. He retracted all, and attempted to undo everything, recalling the very ministers whom he had rejected, and the people would not tolerate, while the people have carried forward the work proudly and gloriously, to make it mean something for them more than a name—and who speaks?——The Bishops, lacqueys of the self-"exiled Pontiff," asking for money to put down the rights of the people, and return them to vassalage! All else are dumb! Here and there a journal speaks timidly, and a few whisper gently, so as to excite no suspicions. Misery! Are we freemen, or the menials of an absurd and domineering priesthood? It is time to determine. If we are sold let us know it, for we will toughen our limbs for the shackles! If we are free, let us speak and act, lest our silence should give consent to wrong! Away with our cowardice and truckling policy for Irish votes, lest we become partakers of other men's sins.

The fourth of July is freedom's holy-day, and who would be a slave. Speak out, brethren, against this crusade to save a rotten, overgrown priesthood of tyranny and evil. Non-interference in such a case is deep disgrace. It is to fold one's arms and look consentingly upon the murder of our fellow men, the destruction of liberty, and the upraising of spiritual and temporal despotism. Let us be known as the friends of the largest liberty.

W. S. B.

"The Univercœlum."—This paper, which was commenced a little over a year ago by the "spirit of prophecy," as the organ of "Clairvoyance" and the "New Revelation," has been swallowed up in the "Spirit of the Age," which is to be edited by Rev. Wm. H. Channing, who will, no doubt, give it tangibility, and practical value as an organ of social and moral reform. Br. Fishbough, who has had the management of it for a few months past, takes his leave of the departing "Univer-seal-'em" in the following dolorous language:

"I have labored according to the best of my ability, with limited resources and under the most depressing circumstances, for the promotion of that cause which is and ever shall be, nearest and dearest to my heart. But from numerous outer disturbances, I have been compelled to leave many things which I have commenced in an unfinished and comparatively crude state. I hope, however, through *some* channel, to be able hereafter to unfold several subjects broached, or merely hinted at in the columns of this paper, in a light in which their importance will be much better understood and appreciated. For the present, however, I fear I shall be *compelled* to labor in a manner very different from that to which all my higher feelings and affections would incline me, and for a while will not be privileged to commune much with the believers in the Spiritual Philosophy."

Not a word is said of the "Poughkeepsie Seer" and his book of Revelations that was to turn the world over—the professed mover and prophet-guide in the starting of this unfortunate enterprise. "*Sic transit gloria*" *Univercœlum.* We shall hail the "Spirit of the Age," if at all such as the able editor is capable of making it, as a faithful laborer in the great work of *rational* progress and *Christian* reform.

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST NOT PERSONAL.

Those who maintain that the second coming of Christ is represented to be personal, rely more upon the following text than any other contained in the New Testament: "And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight. And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven as he went up, behold two men stood by them in white apparel; which also said, ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." Here it is said, that Jesus was to come in the same manner that he ascended; and as he ascended literally, or in person, he cannot come in the same manner unless he comes literally or in person. This reasoning is far from being conclusive.

In the first place: his second coming is, in numerous places, represented as being near, as an event which would occur during the life-time of some who attended upon his ministry. "The Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works. Verily I say unto you, There be some standing here, which shall not taste of death till they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom." "Ye shall not have gone over the cities of Israel till the Son of man be come." See Matt. xxiii. 29—34; Mark xiii. 24—31· Luke xxi. 7, 20—33; Phil. iv. 5; 3 Thes. v. 1—6; Heb. x. 35—27; Luke ix. 26, 27. The testimony of these passages cannot be controverted. Christ did not come literally at the time he mentioned; therefore they do not teach a literal coming.

In the second place, the manner of his coming shows the error of the popular opinion. He was not to come in *person*, but in *power*—in great glory and in his kingdom. Hence we have the following expressions:—"They shall see the son of man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory:" "Shall come in the glory of his Father:" "Shall come in his kingdom." These expressions are synonymous. They show that Christ came in power and authority; came in his kingdom; came to overthrow his enemies, and caused the nations to see, that he was indeed the Lord's Anointed. Hence the expression: "Till they have seen the kingdom of God come with power." His coming was in judgment to his foes, and in blessing to his friends. By referring to Psalms i. 1, 2; Isaiah xl. 10; xix. 1; xiii. 9—13, it will be seen that any signal manifestation of Divine power, is called the coming of God.

Perhaps it will be said, that the text we are considering cannot have reference to such a coming, because it says, "shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." But the question will arise, whether the phrase, *so come in like manner*, means anything more, than that his coming should be attended by marked exhibitions of Divine power. In his ascension there were such exhibitions of power; and if there were exhibitions of power equally marked in his second coming, even though not exerted in causing him literally to descend in the clouds, it was perfectly proper to say, "*shall so come in like manner*; for so far as it regards the display of power, it was like the ascension. Barnes says:—"It is remarkable that when the return of the Savior is mentioned, it is uniformly said that he will return *in the clouds*. Matt. xxiv. 30; xxvi. 64; Mark xiii. 26; Rev. i. 7; Dan. vii. 13. The clouds are an emblem of sublimity and grandeur, and perhaps this is all that is intended by these expressions. Deut. iv. 11; 2 Sam. xxii. 12; Ps. xcvii. 2; civ. 3."

We have no authority from the Scriptural use of the word *tropas*, manner, for saying that he must come precisely as he as-

cended. It is rendered *even as* in Matt. xxii. 37; Acts xv. 11; xxvii. 25; *as* in Luke xiii. 34 · Acts xii. 28; *way* in Rom. iii. 2; Phil. i. 18; *means* in 2d Thessalonians ii. 3., iii. 16; *conversation* in Hebrews xiii. 3. When itis said, Christ (Matt. xxiii. 37) would have gathered the Jews together, *even as* a hen gathered her chickens under her wing, the meaning is only, that he would have gathered and sheltered them from the evils under which they were suffering and to which they were exposed. Even as (tropas) does not mean precisely in the same manner. So when it is said, shall come in like manner, (tropas) the meaning is,shall come by a special exertion of Divine power, as he ascends. In this sense he came at the destruction of Jerusalem. God then interposed his power for the triumph of his kingdom, as he interposed it in causing the ascension of Christ. The text, therefore, teaches, that as they saw Christ ascend by the special power of God, so in like manner he should come again. By special power he was taken up into heaven, and by special power he should come in his kingdom. By consulting the other texts which speak of his second coming, we learn that such is unquestionably the import of this language. He was not to come in person, but in power—in the glory of his Father, whose glory was displayed in guarding the faithful and in giving victory to the Gospel. He was to come in the kingdom of holiness and truth.

In Matthew xxvi. 64, we read, "Hereafter ye shall see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven." Dr. Clarke, instead of *hereafter* or *henceforth*, renders it, *from this very time*. He explains "see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power," to mean, fully invested with absolute dominion. "Coming in the clouds" he explains, *to execute judgment upon this wicked race*. Now, if seeing Christ invested with absolute dominion, could be expressed by the phrase "see him sitting on the right hand of power," and if his executing judgment upon the Jews could be called "coming in the clouds of heaven," why may we not understand the expression "shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven," to denote his coming in the power of God at the destruction of Jerusalem?

If any reject this interpretation, and maintain that the text refers to a literal coming, what proof can they give that ti is a coming to execute judgment? May it not be for the same purpose of which Paul speaks in the following language: "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order; Christ the first-fruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming. Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority, and power. For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." 1 Cor. xv. 22-26. Here he comes to conclude his reign, and give up his kingdom to the Father. For this purpose he is to come when all men are redeemed from sin. O. A. S.

BR. COOK'S DISCLAIMER.

We have received a letter from Br. J. M. Cook, in which he says:—"You greatly err, though probably unintentionally, in your apology for publishing my article on the N. E. Anniversary. That article was not occasioned by any personal feeling—not from any ill-will towards the individual alluded to. That portion of the article referring to the Report of the Corresponding Secretary needed no apology. The report was common property, after being received by the Convention, and I had a perfect right to express my opinion in regard to its merits. * * * * * I hope I know my own heart better than to indulge in trying to seek revenge on any fellow being. Christ has set me a better example. I trust that by his grace I shall be able to follow it."

A PLEASANT VISIT.

For some reason which I shall not attempt to explain, the readers of public journals are supposed to take a deep interest in the peregrinations of those who conduct them, and perhaps this will be a sufficient excuse for inditing what follows:

Thursday evening, 28th ult., I went on board the steamer Rip Van Winkle, bound to Albany. This is an excellent boat, with good accommodations, gentlemanly officers and attentive servants; and her speed is all that need be desired. We glided along at a rapid rate, and arrived in Albany before five o'clock in the morning. Those who wish to patronize the "opposition line," may go on the Rip Van Winkle, and be sure of a cheap, pleasant and quick trip to Albany.

At Albany I took the earliest train of cars for Schenectady, and was soon set down at that place. This is known to be a pleasant, though not very thriving city, containing, I believe, about eight thousand inhabitants. Within a few years past, however, there have been considerable improvements in the place, and here are located many desirable residences. Far-famed Union College is here, an old and well-patronized institution, and is of much advantage to the place. We have here a small society and meeting house, with preaching a part of the time, at present, by Br. Aspinwall. This Society has experienced many adversities; yet a few faithful friends have persevered through all discouragements—sometimes almost disheartened, but never losing their love of the truth. They have now a small Sabbath school, their meetings are attended by a respectable congregation, and, I trust, good things are in store for them in the future.

At this place I took a packet boat on the Erie canal, for Port Jackson, a little village 16 miles distant. This is a quiet and pleasant way of traveling for those whose time is not precious. We moved along at the rate of four miles an hour, and had a fine view of the country in Mohawk valley. The country is always attractive, but more especially is it so at this season of the year. What a lovely scene it spreads out before us, as the eye wanders for miles over fields laden with the promise of an abundant harvest! How beautiful are those majestic trees, towering upward in primeval grandeur, and covered with their rich foliage—those meadows and pastures, bright and green with the food of animals so serviceable to man—and those fields of corn and waving grain! What a contrast with the brick and mortar and confusion of the crowded city! Truly, "God made the country, but man made the town."

At Port Jackson, I found a good friend with his carriage, in waiting for me, and was soon conveyed to, or near, Braman's Corners, where I formerly lived and labored in the ministry for nearly four years, where many attachments were formed, and where I passed through many scenes of joy and sorrow. How interesting, after an absence of years, to visit a place so consecrated in recollections of the past! There are the same old hills and vallies, the same broad fields and swelling streams on which I used to look. There is the same neat church in which I so often, in my feeble way, proclaimed the "unsearchable riches of Christ." And here are old familiar friends who again extend to me a cordial greeting. There is no hypocrisy in this glad welcome—these are long tried and faithful friends, who never allowed the tongue of slander to alienate their regard, or deserted me on any occasion. How much I am indebted to their kindness! How pleasant to stand in the old desk, behold these familiar countenances, and declare the word of truth. But my

pleasure is mingled with sadness, for some whom I used to see in this place are not here—they have gone away from all earthly scenes, to their long home. But the regret felt for their absence, is cheered with the hope of meeting them in the spirit-land, redeemed, purified, and blessed, forever free from sin, death, and all sorrow. "The Lord God will swallow up death in victory, and wipe tears from off all faces." What a glorious hope!

Our Society here enjoys the labors of Br. J. A. Aspinwall every Sabbath, and is in a prosperous condition. The Sabbath school has recently been re-established under favorable circumstances, numbering more than thirty scholars. The meeting-house has lately been newly painted throughout, and thus very much improved in appearance. And besides, a commodious hall has been fitted up at Burton's Ville, (two miles distant,) where Br. A. preaches every alternate Sabbath afternoon. There was a goodly number present when I was there, which I understood to be usually the case.

Our cause is well established in this neighborhood; and though the opposition is unyielding, it cannot prevail against the truth. Our friends are in every commendable respect, at least, equal to those who hold to "another gospel, which is not another." We have numbers, wealth, respectability, and zeal, which, with God's blessing, must insure continued prosperity. Here may the truth of heaven have "free course and be glorified."

H. L.

PREACH CHRIST.

The great Apostle to the Gentiles, no doubt, could have given a dissertation on husbandry and tent-making, and perhaps history and philosophy. Such were his intellectual abilities and his mental acquirements and endowments that he might have been eminent as a politician or statesman, astronomer or philosopher.

Yet his determination was, "I determined not to know any thing among you save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." Paul might have shone as a distinguished rhetorician; he was capable of commanding the admiration of the age in which he lived by his simple eloquence, and the beauty and flowers of his composition. He might have left volumes of essays on literary or metaphysical subjects, to be handed down to succeeding generations, to immortalize his name as a writer, but no, he chose rather to preach "Christ and him crucified."

Did he preach to the renowned, and the wise, and the learned, his theme was Jesus and the resurrection; did he preach to the poor and the unlearned, his subject was "Christ and him crucified." Did he go to Greece, the seat of science and the shrine of philosophy, this was his topic, and when he arrives at Rome, the imperial city, the home of the world's sages; the retreat of philosophers, and poets, and heroes, and statesmen, what is here his purpose and determination? "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth." He gloried in the cross of Christ; this was the grand, the absorbing theme; and when he learned that the Galatians who "run well" at first, were attempting to hide Christ and his cross and follow the vagaries of philosophy, he "was moved in spirit;" he felt that they were departing from the true light and receding into darkness; that they were leaving the path of spiritual life for desolation and death! What then is our preaching without Christ? What are all our forms and ceremonies, our religous exercises without the cross? Jesus is the luminary of the Gospel system; sermons without him are as lifeless as a corpse; and all the beauty or excellence which they may derive from any other source is a painted bubble. Oh, then, whether we preach or pray, whether we hear or teach, whether we live among Christians or Pagans, the rich or the poor, let us say with Paul, "I determined not to know anything save Jesus Christ and him crucified."

B. B. H.

THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

The Sabbath is a wise and beneficient institution—proclaimed such by the experience of ages. Those who are laboring to do away with the Sabbath, whatever their intentions may be, are aiming to do that, the accomplishment of which would be attended with evil consequences of no small magnitude. Another has said, "I am not an advocate for the severity of the Jewish, or the moroseness of the Puritanical Sabbath. I am, likewise, far from inferring that *all* those who neglect a *strict* observance of Sunday are remiss in the performance of their other duties; but I will venture to affirm that all whom I have remarked, conscientiously to observe this day from right motives, have been uniformly attentive to their religious conduct. It has been the opinion of many wise and good men, that Christianity will stand or fall as this day is neglected or observed. Sunday seems to be a kind of Christn liapaladium, and the city of God will never be totally taken by the enemy, till its observances be quite lost."

H. L.

"BOARD OF NATIONAL POPULAR EDUCATION."

Gov. Slade publishes in the "Independent" a card from which we cut the following. The *alls* in the last paragraph are italicised in the original.

"Of the 132 teachers, 43 have been drawn from Massachusetts—31 from Vermont—17 from Maine—12 from New Hampshire—12 from Connecticut—11 from New York—4 from Rhode Island—1 from Pennsylvania—1 from Virginia. Thirty-eight have been sent to Indiana—36 to Illinois—14 to Michigan—13 to Wisconsin—9 to Iowa—6 to Tennessee—4 to Minnesota—3 to Missouri—3 to Western Pennsylvania—3 to Ohio—2 to Kentucky, and 1 to North Carolina."

"Teachers have been sent out from the Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, Episcopalian, and Presbyterian denominations—and *all* from each of them who have made application and been found qualified. No preference is felt, in this movement, for any evangelical denomination over another. Teachers from *all* of them are earnestly invited to enter this field of labor, in the spirit of a noble devotion to the cause of Christian education."

We copy the following from the same page of the same paper, in reference to Catholic Schools and their influence:

"Most of the Catholic priests throughout the West are Jesuits, and the man is not wise who imagines that they openly profess all that they intend to accomplish.

The time has not fully come. There has been no great object as yet before them for immediate accomplishment. The Jesuistical shrewdness and consummate skill evinced in the management of the affairs of the Catholic Church in this country are not without aim and tendency. A superficial observer may see nothing portentous in these signs, but they are nevertheless pregnant with important issues; and it will be well for this country, well for the Church of Christ, and well for individual account, if the great work which has been so long and so culpably neglected be now undertaken and prosecuted with that earnestness and efficiency which the subject demands.

Now we confess our inability to understand this method of education in accordance with the genius of our institutions, except on the Homœpathic principle of "*similia, similibus, curanter*," for compared with the latter, the former certainly give infinitesmal doses. Our main objection to Gov. Slade's procedure is the deceptive cognomen which he assumes. If he would say what he means, "*Sectarian* popular Education," none could object. He, doubtless, has a perfect right to persuade all the young women he can to leave their homes, and go to the Hartford nunnery to prepare themselves, and then take them off with him to any part of the country where he is pleased to go. He has eminent example in the practices of the Jesuits, and hu-

man nature is the same. And parents have a full right to send their daughters on such an errand, and all the old maids who want husbands will probably do well to go to a better market, seeing their expenses are all paid; but none have the right to appropriate such a lofty name, for the nation has no more to do with it than it had with building the temple at Nauvoo. It is an abuse of terms. Do the Western people understand the game?

WHO OWNS US.

Our Savior asked the question, "How much then is a man better than a sheep?" If God did not own mankind, if they are not his by creation, by preservation, and by redemption, where would be the propriety of asking such a question? How much better to whom, is a man than a sheep? Answer, to God, the owner of both. We might just as well say, that God owns only the good sheep, those that never stray away from the fold, as to say he is the owner only of good men.

But the prophet says, "all souls are mine," [i. e. God's,] and Jesus said, "all mine are thine, and thine are mine." If God then is the owner of sheep and of men, and men are better than sheep what is our inference? He will take better care of men, than he does of sheep. Where then is endless misery? where?

B. B. H.

SLANDER.

Among the numerous vices to which human nature is liable, a very pernicious one is that of slander, or defamation. If the most trivial report unfavorable to a person's reputation be raised, it will fly with the rapidity of lightning; the celerity of its course, however, is not the most important consequence; like a whirlwind it draws into its vortex a variety of improbable, and sometimes even impossible consequences, that increase its force. One person relates it to another with a little addition; the second to a third, and so on. How unfair is this—how ungenerous—how unchristian—how opposed to that charity which "thinketh no evil," and to the command of our Savior, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them!" Reader be careful to avoid this pernicious vice.

H. L.

CLINTON INSTITUTE.

Br. Whittemore informs his readers that "Br. Sawyer has resigned his office as Principal" of the above Institution, and advises that "Clinton be abandoned, and a more favorable location sought." He says, "Come to Massachusetts, establish the Institution in the vicinity of Boston, and we will vouch that it will flourish."

Wonder where "Winter Hill" is, and other "Boston Notions" of like sort, got up a dozen years ago. There are some places in this little world not "in the vicinity of Boston," exactly.

Br. Sawyer informs us that everything is settled, the last stone of stumbling taken out of the way, and everything in a most prosperous condition. The subscription of $20,000 is nearly full and we now have unbounded confidence in its permanent prosperity, *where it is.*

MERRY'S MUSEUM.—This work, edited by S. G. Goodrich, the "original and genuine" "Peter Parley," is published monthly, by D. McDonald, & Co., at 149 Nassau-st., N. Y. As a juvenile publication, we believe this has no superior.

CHANGES.

Address Rev. D. Strickland, at Louisville, Kentucky; Rev. J. H. Campbell, Erie, Penn.

CHRISTIANITY AGAINST INFIDELITY.

We copy the following from a late number of "the Christian Inquirer," the Unitarian paper of this city:

CHRISTIANITY AGAINST INFIDELITY; or the Truth of the Gospel History. Embracing a preliminary argument for the existence of God, and the reasonableness and necessity of a Revelation; and a Review of Skeptical Philosophy. By Thomas B. Thayer. New edition, revised and enlarged. Cincinnati: published by John A. Gurley. 1849.

Mr. Thayer is a Universalist Clergyman, highly respected where he is best known. His work, from a cursory perusal, seems to us excellently well fitted for the class of readers for which it is designed. It is a quite thorough and comprehensive, yet popular and compendious view of the evidences for the truth of Christianity, and of the answers to the various arguments of Infidelity, both in its coarser and its more refined forms, its bombarding and its sapping assaults, in its hostile and its friendly controversy with the historical truth of the Gospel. The author modestly disclaims all originality in his work. He freely uses the weapons forged by others, and has thus collected and stored an arsenal of Gospel armor and muniments of faith, to which Infidelity must needs surrender.

Many may hastily wonder why Universalists should concern themselves with the historical proof of a Revelation, whose most awful sanction they appear to set wholly aside. But a moment's consideration will show that no class of Christians are more concerned to establish the authoratative character of Christianity than they are; for they rest their distinctive dogma upon the letter of the Scriptures, and, above all sects, have been accustomed to argue disputed questions directly from the Word of God. That they have pursued this method to an ingenious and blinding extent, and with results that do not, in many respects, commend themselves to us, should not prejudice us against the fact that they are among the most strenuous contenders for Scripturality, and the most earnest advocates of the Historical Truth of the Gospel.

Every denomination reads the books of its own clergy with peculiar interest, and therefore we rejoice that Mr. Thayer has prepared this excellent work, for it will doubtless have, in its improved form, a very extensive circulation among the large and improving body of Christians with which he is connected.

MINUTES OF THE ST. LAWRENCE ASSOCIATION.

Met at Potsdam, June 28th and 29th. Br. Martin Thatcher Moderator. Prayer by Br. P. Morse. Members present.—J. Wallace, B. Hall, L. M. Hawes, J. Douglass, E. A. Holbrook, Clerical. C. C. Keeler, and L. Amdens, Malone; T. Bacon, and F. Smith, Potsdam; M. Thatcher and E. W. Heaton, Canton; R. Squire and J. Reily, Massena; H. Tuthill, and S. W. Dodge, Gouverneur and Halesborough; S Hazelton, Little York.

Committee of Discipline reported no cause of complaint.

Committee of Fellowship and Ordination, no action Appointed Br. J. Douglass, L. Amsden and N, Parmeter, Jr., Committee on Fellowship and Ordination; and G. Sissan, C. C. Keeler, and N. L. Gill, Committee of Discipline for the ensuing year. Chose Brs. L. M. Hawes, E. A. Holbrook, clerical, and L. Amsden and M. Thatcher, lay, delegates to the State Convention. Tendered thanks to Br. Holbrook for his very able and appropriate Occasional Sermon. Passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That some person be selected to deliver an address on the subject of Sabbath Schools, on the morning of the 2d day of the next annual meeting of this body, and that Br. Thomas H. Conkey be a Standing Com. to select such person.

Resolved, That each preacher of this Association be requested to preach at least one sermon on the subject of Sabbath Schools, and call the serious attention of his congregation to its vast importance, and make a report to this body at its next annual session, whether he has performed such duty.

Voted, that the Standing Clerk prepare the minutes for publication in the Magazine and Advocate.

Adjourned to meet in Summerville the 4th Wednesday and Thursday of June, 1850.

M. Thatcher, Moderator.

G. Swan, Clerk.

Remarks.—The present session of our Association has been one of the best which we remember having attended for a long time. Sermons were preached on the occasion by Brs. Holbrook, J. H. Harter, G. Swan, L. M. Hawes, B. Hall and P. Mars, who also delivered the addresses. The singing was excellent, the weather beautiful, and the congregations large and attentive.

The deliberations of our Council were perfectly harmonious, and the most ample arrangements were made by our Potsdam friends for the comfort of such as came from a distance, to remain with them during the meeting. We were all made welcome, comfortable and happy, and we trust that good has been done in the name of our beloved Master, the Savior of Sinners.

Miscellaneous Department.

Selected.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The sun is bright, the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The blue-bird prophesying Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where waiting till the west wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new—the buds, the leaves,
That gild the elm trees nodding crest,
And even the birds beneath the eaves—
There are no birds in last year's nest!

And things rejoice in youth and love,
The fulness of their first delight!
And learn from the soft heavens above,
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy the youth, it will not stay;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For O, it is not always May.

Enjoy the spring of Love and Youth,
To some good angel leave the rest,
For time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest!

Letters to the Rev. Charles Fustian.

AN ANGLO-CATHOLIC.

LETTER THIRD.

We look on you now, my dear Charles, as a fallen star; and, between ourselves, I don't think you are missed by a single astronomer in Yawnham, from the sky where you were once enthroned. No Sir: our curate's neckcloth is stiffer than yours, his collar plainer, his tails longer, his knowledge of saints and legends infinitely deeper—and, besides, he sings like an angel, and has a phaeton and pair. And he is so gentlemanly too. He was at Eton, and is intimate with many lords, and has a power of sneering at low churchmen and dissenters that would be myrrh and incense to the Pope. Now you will observe, my unfortunate young friend, that when gentlemanly manners, good looks and accomplishments—not to mention an intimacy, with the Red Book—and fourteen hundred a-year are in one scale, and Charles Fustian and a ton weight of Tractarians are in the other, the young persons who, in our parish, hold the beam will very soon send you and your make-weights halfway through the roof. Therefore, if you wish to retrieve your influence, either with Araminta or the other fair innovators, now or never is your time; come down and visit us. We shall all be delighted to see your elongated visage, and are not without hopes—for you are a good-natured excellent-dispositioned fellow after all—that you will see the error of your ways, and believe that humility and charity are Christian graces as well as faith and colored windows. It so happens that there is scarcely a house in the place without a visitor. Tom Blazer has come to Hellebore Park, and has brought Jones and Smith, two of his brother officers of the Rifles, with him;—the two Oxford men are with Mount Huxtable, who has taken Laburnum Place, and our doings are likely to be uncommonly gay. Swallowlies and Rowdy are great friends, though they seem to be the very antipodes of each other. You may guess, my dear Charles how the heart of Major M'Turk jumped for joy when Mount Huxtable proposed a pic-nic at the Holywell tree at the other extremity of the parish; and all the young ladies, without a single exception, determined to be of the party. Fasting, my good friend has come to an end: there were pies enough made to feed an army; baskets by the dozen were packed up, containing plates, and knives and forks; crates filled with cold fowls and hams, and others loaded with fruit and wine. The Rector had out his old coach, which Chipper managed to decapitate for the occasion, and it did duty (like St. Denis) with his head off, as an open barouch. He took some of the Puginstones, and two of the Pulsers, and, to make room for Mrs. M'Turk, he or rather Mrs. Smiler, asked the Curate to take Christina beside him on the driving-seat of his phaeton. I got out my old four-wheel, which was certainly not so fashionable-looking as Mount Huxtable's drag, but so commodious that it appears made of India-rubber, and stretches to any extent. Tom Blazer is an ostentatious fool and sports a tandem—that is to say, he puts his own horse and Jones' (one before the other,) in his father's high gig, and insists on driving Tinderella Swainlove all about the country. On this occasion she also graced his side; and Jones himself, who is active as one of the Voltigeurs at Ashley's, fixed a board on the hind part of the gig and sat with his back to the horse, smoking cigars and calling it a dog-cart. At last we all got there; and, when the company was assembled, it certainly was a goodly sight to see. The little spring that gives its name to the fine old elm—now, alas! a stump that might pass for Arthur's Table Round—comes swelling out from a glorious old rock, which rises suddenly, you remember, from the richest pasture field in yeoman Ruffhead's farm. I never saw the scenery to such advantage: the woods of Kindstone Hill, closed in the landscape on the west; and before us, to the south, was spread out the long sunny level of Richland meads, at the farther extremity of which rose the time-honored ivy covered ruins of Leeches Abbey. While the servants who had gone over in a couple of carts, were busy in arranging the repast, we fell off into parties, and by mere accident, I joined the Blazer girls and Captain Smith, who gathered round the Holywell, and told what little legends they knew of it to Swallowlies and Rowdy.

'They thought it was good for epileptic fits,' said Araminta, 'in the Roman Catholic time. It was blessed by St. Toper of Geneva, who was overcome by thirst one

morning after spending the night with the monks of Leeches.'

'Toper of Geneva?' inquired Captian Smith,—'it's rather a jolly name for a saint; no wonder the old boy felt his coppers hot after a night with the monks.'

But the remark was so coldly received that the Captain, who enjoys a great reputation in the Rifles for wit and pleasantry, was for a while struck dumb.

'Who shall tell what may be the efficacy of a good man's blessing,' said Mr. Swallowlies, dipping his finger reverently in the cow's drinking trough, and touching his forehead. 'Do you know, Miss Blazer, if it still retains its virtue?'

'I believe epilectic patients are still brought to the spring,' replied Araminta, 'and I have heard that the old woman in that little hut on the hill-side has seen several cures.'

'I will make her acquaintance this moment,' exclaimed Swallowlies. 'I think it a privilege to look on a matron who has witnessed so remarkable a manifestation. Will you go with me, Rowdy?'

'No, I have no great faith in the fountain.'

'Why not?'

'Because it is a sufficient effort for the human mind to have faith in one or two points of far greater importance.'

'But you needn't make any effort at all. Take it on the assurance of the Church,' said Swallowlies persuasively. 'We have indeed, cut ourselves off from a declaration of our belief in the power of saints like the holy Toper; but we can surely entertain the belief, though we are debarred from making public profession of it. And, in fact, any one who believes in miracles at all must equally believe that this spring will cure epilectic fits.'

'Exactly as I say,' responded Rowdy; 'all miracles are equally credible.'

'Then come to the old woman,' said Swallowlies, taking his arm.

'No,' said Rowdy, 'I have lately had great doubts as to my own identity, and I am going to try some experiments to see whether I am now the same person I was when I signed the articles, and did duty in my parish.'

Mr. Swallowlies, however, and the rest of us, with the exception of Captain Smith, walked to old Janet Wheedler's cottage, while Rowdy entered on his course of experimental philosoply. We found her nicely dressed, as if in expectation of our coming: and as the spring, with its capabilities for a pic-nic and its ancient associations, was a source of considerable revenue to her, she evidently was greatly pleased with the number of guests whom she saw approaching her door.

'*Pax Vobiscum*?' said Mr. Swallowlies, as we entered the cottage. 'You reside here in highly favored ground.'

'Yes indeed, sir,' said Janet, 'the gentlefolks be very fond of it and very often come here from all parts about.'

'Only the gentlefolks?' inquired her visitor. 'I thought I heard that others came to avail themselves of the holy spring.'

'Some folks don't believe in it now, sir—more's the pity. It was of great value in the old time.'

'Why should it lose its virtue, Mrs. Wheedler? If we had still the faith, it would still have the power.'

Janet looked towards Mr. Swallowlies, to judge whether he was in jest or earnest; but, on catching the face of wonderment with which he gazed at the well, and the unmistakable sincerity withwhich he spoke, the old woman, who had been a fortune-teller in her youth, involuntarily winked her blear eye, and curled up the corners of her mouth.

'It ain't quite falled away yet, sir. This here cat as ever you sees—here, Tabby dear, get up and show yourself to the gentles—this here cat, sir, a week ago, was took so ill of the palsy that she shook all over like a leaf. I thought it was agoing to die; but at last, thinks I, why shouldn't St. Toper cure she, as he cures so many as have fits? And so, sir, I goes and fetches a little water, and flings it on Tabby's face, and the moment she felt the water she stops shaking, and walks about as well as ever.'

'Had she had any breakfast that morning?'

'No, sir, fasting from all but air; I gave her nothing from the night before, when she supped on a mouse.'

Mr. Swallowlies stooped down and laid his hand on the cat, which was purring and rubbing its fur against his leg.

'A strange instance this,' he said, 'of the efficacy of the ancient faith.'

'Do you believe it, sir?' I inquired.

'Why not, sir? I don't attribute this, of course, to the direct operation of St. Toper; but it certainly was endowed with this virtue to be evidence of his holy life. A wonderful animal this, Mrs. Wheeler—you would not probably wish to part with it?'

'I have two or three other cats, sir; but I am poor, and a little money is more useful to me than old Tabby.'

'I'll speak to you in a little on the subject. Meanwhile, have you any other instances of cure?'

'Not to speak of, sir,' replied Janet, delighted with the deference she was treated with. 'That there little calf as you sees among the cabbage was born with five legs, and without ever a tail.'

'Five legs! bless me!' exclaimed Mr. Swallowlies—'how very strange!—it has only four now.'

'Ah, sir,! that's owing to the well. I takes it to the spring, and sprinkles the fifth leg three times, and immediately it gives a jerk, and up goes the leg into its body, like winding up of a jack-chain; and so I goes to work again, and flings a bucketful on its back, and in a minute or two, out comes a tail,—and there it is, and not a single mark left of where the additional leg had disapeared.'

'This is most interesting!' exclaimed Mr, Swallowlies. 'Have you got the bucket you used in aspersing the calf?'

'There it be, sir,' said Janet, pointing to a tub of some size, that was placed upright against the wall.

'A blessed instrument, indeed,' said the gentleman, bowing most repectfully, as he sounded with his knuckles on the rim. 'I must have some minutes' conversation with you, Mrs. Wheedler, for I make a point of never taking any stories, which at first sight appear improbable, without sedulous inquiry and anxious proof.'

'I hear the dinner-bell,' I said at this moment, for I heard Captain Smith performing the 'Roast beef of Old England' on a key-bugle, which was the concerted signal for our assembling where the provender had been spread; and I used a little more vigor than usual in drawing the young ladies away.

'What a splendid specimen of Anglo Catholic faith is Mr. Swallowlies!' exclaimed Araminta in a tone of rapture; 'and how free from bigotry in his reverence for a Romish saint like the holy Toper!'

'Hold your silly tongue, this moment!' I exclaimed, getting into a passion—'a fellow that believes in paralytic cats and five-footed calves being cured by such trumpery should leave our church.'

'You are so bitter, Mr. Buddle, against the Holy Catholic Church, that I wonder you call yourself a Christian at all.'

'Where is the Holy Catholic Church, you little simpleton?' I said, softening a little, for Araminta is a nice little girl.

'At Rome, Charles Fustian told me; and we are but a distant branch of it, bearing very little fruit, and owing that little only to the sap furnished to us by the main old trunk. And Mr. Huxtable says the same,—only that our branch bears no fruit, as the continuity was cut off at the deplorable Reformation.'

'Charles Fustian! Mr. Mount Huxtable!' I cried: 'they're laughing at you, my little dear; they are both ministers of our church, and have made numberless protestations against the wickedness and errors of Rome. They are laughing at you—at least I know Mount Huxtable is, for, to tell you a secret, my dear Araminta, he is placed here for no other purpose but to defend our Protestant Establishment against the Tractarian tendencies of the artist and young ladies of the day.

'Charles Fustian, Sir, I beg to tell you, knows too well to presume to laugh at me', said Araminta, tossing her head.

'He ought my dear, I replied 'for he is a remarkably foolish young man, and has't half the sense in his whole head which you have in your little finger.

By this time we had reached the spring; and after placing the girls in the best seats still to be found, I called Doctor Smiler aside.

'My dear old friend," I said, " have you made proper inquiry about Mount Huxtable's church principles, before you installed him in full power in the parish.

'No Tractarian need apply was in the advertisement replied the Doctor. 'He is a stout opponent of the dissenters; and, besides, my dear Buddle, as you are the oldest friend I have in the parish, I may tell you that on the way here he had a long conversasation with Christina, who sat beside him in his phaeton, and among other things he asked her if she thought she could be content with the humble condition of a curate's wife!? She said yes of course,—for she has liked him ever since they met; and told her he would wait on me to-morrow. I now consider him my son-in-law. He has great expectations, and has already fourteen hundred a-year.

'I don't like what I hear of his church membership, I said. " And as to Sallowlies, I think he is a bigoted fool, and a Papist.'

'I don't the least see, Mr. Buddle, why a man should be either bigoted or a fool who belives as two-thirds of the Christians throughout the world believe.'

So saying, the Doctor turned off in a very dignified manner, and presided over the pigeon-pie.

I confess to you my dear Charles this acted like a thunderbolt on me. Rejoiced as I was at Christina's good fortune, in attracting the affection of so amiable and wealthy an admirer as Mount Huxtable, I did not feel altogether comfortable at the effect which this discovery had on the logical powers of my friend the Rector of Yawnham. Because a man admires my daughter, and makes her an offer of marriage, am I to kiss the Pope's toe? I made a determination to inquire into matters more deeply than I had hitherto done and with a view to pick up all the information I could, I watched the conversation in silence.

Betsey Blazer, sat next to Captain Smith of the Rifles, and, in one of the pauses which occasionally occur in the noisiest assemblages, her voice was distinctly heard.

'Do you ever chant when you are all together in barracks, Captain Smith?—It must be delightful.'

'Well, I can't deny that there is occasionally chanting after mess,' replied the soldier, a little amazed.

'Who is the leader?'

'Why Jones and I both pretend to some renown.'

'Are they Gregorian?'

'I should say Stentorian was a better description for between ourselves, Jones in the Nottingham Ale, might be mistaken for an angry bull.'

What the denouement of the conversation was I don't know, for Rowdy's voice rose above the din—

'Faith expires,—he said—'hope grows dim—but ceremony, the last refuge of religion remains. We lose the trustingness that makes us lay the promises of holy writ to our hearts,—the childlike simplicity that lifts us into a world where truth erects her palace on gorgeous clouds, which to us take the semblance and solidity of mountains,—we lose the thrill, the dread, the love,—but we can retain the surplice, the albe, and the stole. The cloud that seemed a mountain has disappeared; the confidence that sustained us is gone,—but we can erect churches according to the strictest rules of architecture, cover the table with cloth of gold,—have daily service, have some fixed, irrevocable, eternal rule, and feel ourselves the slaves of hours and postures;—a slavery benefitting those who are left to grope in the darkness of their own souls for a belief, and find nothing to support, to bless, or cheer them.'

'Do you advocate the externals of devotion, Mr. Rowdy, after the reality of religion has left the heart? I inquired.

'Certainly, sir,' he said. 'If you waited for the internal religion you talk of, you would never enter a church. And pray, sir, what is internal, and what is external? Your heart is a piece of flesh, your font is a piece of stone; why shouldn't holiness reside in the one as well as in the other?'

'It strikes me, Mr. Rowdy, to be rather hypocritical to go through the forms of religion without the spirit,' I urged again.

'And what is life but hypocrisy?—your very clothes make you a hypocrite: without them you would resemble a forked radish, but you disfigure yourself in surtout and pantaloons. Go through the ceremonies, sir—the feeling in time will come; dig yonr trenches deep, and the rain will pour into them and burn the sacrifice of your altar with fire; kneel when you have no devotion, bend yourself to decrees and ordinances when you have no humiliiy and no faith; and, entering on that course with the scoff of Voltaire, you will emerge from it with the sanctity of Vincent de Paul.'

'On the contrary, sir, I maintain,' said I, 'that, if you persist in these miserable bonds of an outward obedience, in the expectation that they will promote your advance in goodness, you bring on yourself the condemnation of the Pharisee; you may enter them with the faith of your friend Mr. Swallowlies, but you will leave them ere long with the sentiments of the infidel and apostate Strauss.'

'I call no man an apostate,' cried Mr. Rowdy, 'who traces the operations of his own mind to their legitimate results; I call no man an infidel who believes that he was born, and that he shall die.'

'How good! how liberal! how humane!' exclaimed a chorus of sweet voices.

'And what do you say?' I enquired, addressing our new curate.

'For myself,' said Mr. Mount Huxtable, 'I think it sinful in any one to decide on such a subject, unless in the exact words of the church.'

'Very good,' said the Doctor; 'judiciously answered.'

'Don't you allow private judgment, sir?' said I.

'No more sir,' he replied, 'than I should allow private execution. It is for the church to pass sentence: if any presumptuous individual interferes with her authority, he is as much out of his sphere as if he were to displace Baron Alderson on the bench, go through the mockery of a trial, and condemn an enemy of his own to be hanged.'

'Very good, indeed,' said the Doctor; 'judiciously

answered.'

'I have often heard your friend, Charles Fustian, say the same,' said Araminta.

'Is he a friend of yours, Mount Huxtable?' inquired Dr. Smiler, in a very bland tone.

'A most intimate friend, my dear sir,',replied Mount Huxtable.

'Dear me!—I thought you told me you didn't know him.'

'No, my dear sir, I didn't tell you so: I only gave you to understand that we weren't acquainted.'

'That used to be pretty much the same thing,' I said a little chafed with the putting down I had already experienced, 'and I suspect you are a great deal more intimate than you were inclined to let us know.'

'You have exactly hit upon the reason,' he replied. 'I was not inclined to let you know; and I have yet to learn that a priest is imperatively required to confess to a layman, however inquisitive or ill-mannered he may be.'

'Come, my dear Buddle,' said the Doctor, 'I think you will see that you ought to apologise.'

'For what?' I exclaimed.

'For speaking so irreverently to the pastor of the parish,' replied Dr. Smiler. 'You should consider, sir, that Mr. Mount Huxtable is your spiritual guide.'

'Certainly,' said Araminta; and Christina Smiler grew first red and then pale, and looked at me as if I were a heathen.

I sipped a glass in silence; and the altercation had the unpleasant effect of producing an awkward pause.

When the silence had endured for upwards of a minute, it was suddenly broken by Major M'Turk ejaculating, in his most military manner, 'Sharpshooters, to the front!' and mechanically Jones and Smith sprang up, and, advancing a few paces, anxiously looked upward in the direction pointed out by the commander's hand. The sight they saw might have shaken less firm nerves than theirs; for, toiling slowly down the hill, from Janet Wheedler's cottage, we perceived a nondescript figure, yet evidently human, more puzzling than the sea serpent. Some large round substance enveloped its head, and entirely buried the hat and face, and covered the whole of the neck down to the middle buttons of the coat. Tucked under one arm we beheld a cat, secured by a ribbon tied round its neck; and, with a large kitchen poker in the other hand, the advancing stranger drove before him a great awkward calf. When he got a little nearer, we recognised our friend Mr. Swallowlies.

'In heaven's name!' exclaimed the Rector, 'what have you got there, Mr. Swallowlies?'

'It is in heaven's name, indeed,' replied Swallowlies, lifting up the large washing-tub which we had seen in Janet's cottage. 'These, sir, are holy relics, which I have luckily induced the venerable matron at the hut to part with—partly by prayers and supplications, and partly by payments in money.'

The Rector looked astonished, for he had not been of our party; and Swallowlies, allowing the calf to feed on the grass near the spring, explained his sentiments on the subject of the tub, and related the miraculous history of the animals his companions.

'And how much did you give for the tub, sir?' said Smiler.

'Five pounds procured the inestimable treasure,' answered Swallowlies in triumph; 'eight pounds procured me the sacred tabby, and twelve guineas the calf. A very few pounds more have obtained for me, if possible, still more precious articles. Look here, sir,' he continued, pulling from his coat-pocket an old quarter-boot, with the sole nearly off, and two or three flat-headed nails sticking out from the tattered heel—'this is one of the sandals in which the illustrious Toper used to go his annual pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury. This instrument of iron—which, I confess, struck me at first to bear a great resemblance to a poker—was his staff. And this, sir,' he said, pulling from his bosom a piece of very old corduroy, mended in several places—'this is the left leg of the pantaloons the saint wore for upwards of forty years, without ever taking them off; for he is recorded never to have changed his raiment but twice, and never to have washed either his face or hands,—such a true Christian soldier was he.'

'He was a dirty brute, and no soldier,' cried Captain Smith, who was a great martinet in his regiment, 'and I would have had him flogged every morning till he learned to be more tidy.'

'Sacrilege! horror!' exclaimed Swallowlies, crossing himself in the greatest perturbation, and placing the tub once more on his head, and resuming his labours in driving the calf onward with his poker.

'Won't you have some pie?' said Dr. Smiler.

'No, sir; I am fasting to day, and am anxious to place my treasures in security.'

'Such faith is highly edifying,' said Mount Huxtable 'and unfortunately too uncommon in the present day Ah! were all men equally pure, and as highly gifted as Swallowlies, the Reformation would soon be blotted out, and our Mother of Rome receive her repentant children'

'How? What did you say, my dear sir?' inquired the Rector. 'Are you not a Protestant?'

'Assuredly not, sir. I detest the cold and barren name. It is a mere negation. I want something positive. It is the part of a Christian to believe—certainly not to deny.'

'To be sure, Doctor, we are none of us Protestants; we are Anglo Catholics,' said Araminta, answering for the feminine part of his flock.

'I never viewed it in that light before,' said Dr. Smiler, looking assuringly at Christina, who seemed greatly alarmed at what her father might do. 'Certainly religion is not a mere denial of error; it is far more—an embracing of truth.'

'There is no truth omitted in the faith of the Catholic Church,' said Mount Huxtable solemnly. 'Some are more developed than they were at first; and some, more recently planted, are even now in course of growth, and, before many years elapse, will infallibly spread their branches all over this barren land. But I will call on you to-morrow,' he added, with a smile, and a bend of his head towards Christina, which entirely barred up all the arguments that our Protestant champion might have been inclined to advance. And in a short time the picnic came to and end, and we all returned to Yawnham in the order we had come—always excepting Mr. Swallowlies, whom we overtook in the first half mile, still under his umbrageous sombrero, and still gesticulating with the poker to guide his erratic calf.

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Original.

SONG.

BY REDELIA.

Farewell, I would not leave thee,
Although thou lov'st me not;
'Twere bliss to be still near thee,
E'en should I be forgot.

In childhood's sunny morning,

We rov'd in joyous glee,
No cloud to dim its brightness,
Or check it revelry.

Oh! when those mem'ries haunt thee,
Near thee lov'd one, I'll be;
And love perhaps will kindle
Thy heart again for me.

As calmly flows the streamlet,
In still midsummer air,
So may thy life glide gently,
Untossed by grief or care.

The heart thou takest to thee,
O, may it ever be
Warm as the one thou spurnest,
Firm in its constancy!

Agricultural Department.

IMPROVEMENTS OF PASTURES.

Judge Hayes' management of his pastures is most excellent, and worthy of particular consideration. A few of the pasture-fields are used occasionally for mowing and tillage, and some of the mowings as pastures; and he finds advantage in the practice. All the pastures are plowed as often as once in 6 or 7 years. As large a tract as his time allows, is turned over each year. The ground is carefully plowed at the most convenient time after haying, and the field rolled. Early in the spring—generally upon a late "sugar snow," as the farmers say—a variety of grass seeds are sown, together with rye, and the field is left in common with the rest of the pasture, the rye furnishing considerable feed for the cattle while the young grass is getting root. The moss, grass, small bushes, ferns, and droppings of the cattle, are thus turned under to decompose and furnish feed for the new seeding. A new surface is brought to day, to be renewed by atmospheric influences; the decomposing sod underneath renders the land light and pliable; thus permit ing the roots of the new plants to expand and penetrate the soil in every direction. For 4 or 5 years after, a better quality of grass flourishes in a more robust life, has possession of the soil; and the pastures steadily improve under the management. Judge Hayes would confidently recommend the practice to favorable consideration, where the pasture can be plowed and the farmer has not a surplus of manure to apply to them.

Although some of the pastnre land is somewhat uneven in surface, he has not found it to be injured, by washing, from being plowed. He is always particularly careful to run the furrows across, or at right angles with the slope of the hills, which prevents injury from heavy rains.

About twenty years ago, Judge Hayes purchased a pasture of 60 or 70 acres, a mile or two back, for the sum of $500. It was not very valuable land, and was thought to be high at that price. He commenced improving it by an occasional plowing and re-seeding in the manner described, and I think he informed me that about all of it had been gone over in this way, three times. An opportunity occurring to purchase a pasture nearer home, induced him to sell this. He obtained $1200 for it; and thinks it was cheaper to the purchaser at that price than it was to him at the time of his purchase; the increased productiveness mainly making the difference.

Much light is thrown upon the efficacy of Judge H.'s various methods for the improvement of grass lands, by the remark of Professor Johnson, in his "Lectures on Agricultural Chemistry," a work which the practical farmer may read with pleasure and profit. After speaking of enriching the soil. The natural grasses grow and die upon a meadow or pasture field, and though that which is above the surface may be mowed for hay, or cropped by cattle, yet the roots remain and gradually add to the quantity of vegetable matter beneath. If the quantity of organic (vegetable) matter which these roots contain, be greater than that which the crop we carry off has derived from the soil, then instead of exhausting, the growth of this crop will actually enrich the soil in so far as the presence of organic matter is concerned. No crops perhaps, the whole product of which is carried off the field, leave a snfficient mass of roots behind them to effect this, but many plants, when in whole or in part eaten upon the field leave enough in the soil to improve the condition of the land—while in all cases those are considered as the least exhausting to which are naturally attached the largest weight of roots. Hence the main reasons why poor lands are so much benefitted by being laid down to grass, and why an intermediate crop of clover is often as beneficial to the after crop of grain as if the land had laid in naked fallow."—*Norway Advertiser.*

NORTH BRANCH ASSOCIATION.

A Conference of the Association of Universalists will be held at Covington-corners, Tioga, Pa., the last Saturday and Sunday of July. Services will commence on Saturday at 10 1-2 o' clock A. M. All lovers of truth and righteousness are invited to attend and partake of the gospel feast.

H. E. Whitney, Standing Clerk.

NOTICE.

This may certify that w h eu ndersigned, are acquainted with Br. Wm. Tompkins, and believe him to be a man of good moral character, of good talents and worthy of the confidence of the Universalist denomination. Rev. J. E. Davenport,
" A. Barnett,
" P. Ray.

NOTICE.

The Connecticut Convention of Universalists will hold its annual Session in Norwich, on Wednesday and Thursday, 22d and 23d of August next. The Council will be organized at the Church, on Wednesday, at 9 o'clock, A. M. Public religious services will be held in the morning, afternoon, and evening of each day. Bro. Moses Ballou, will deliver the Occasional Sermon.

Delegates from Hartford, Co. Association: H. B. Soule, A. L. Loveland, T. P. Abell, clerical; Martin Fancher, N. Granby, J. B. Clark, Poquonock; A. Woodruff, Hartford; W. Thayer, Winsted; W. Gladden, Berlin; W. S. Camp, Middletown, Lay.

Delegates from Southern Association: M. Ballou, J. J. Twiss, Henry Glover, clerical; B. Fuller, Westport; J. F. Lockwood, Stamford, J. P. Booth, Stratford, N. B. Dibble, Danbury; D. Pendletown, Bridgeport; Herman Fairchild, Newtown, Lay.

W. A. Stickney, Standing Clerk.

N. B. Will Trumpet please copy.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. S. J. Hillyer will preach in Weston, Ct., Sunday July 22d, morning and afternoon. The notice in last week's paper, at N. Haven was a mistake.

Br. W. Tompkins will preach in the Universalist house at the Forge, in the town of Marshal, Oneida Co., N. Y. on the fourth Sunday in July at the usual hours, morning and afternoon.